

BLACK SCIENCE

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2

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PREVIOUSLY: Grant McKay and his Anarchist League of Scientists have completed The Pillar, a device capable of punching through the fabric of reality and traveling to alternate dimensions. But Grant's success is quickly overshadowed by his contentious boss, Kadir, and a troubled family life. Then, on the day of the first Pillar test run, something went wrong, stranding Grant, his crew and his two children, in an oppressive, war-torn wasteland...

BLACK SCIENCE created by Rick Remender & Matteo Scalera



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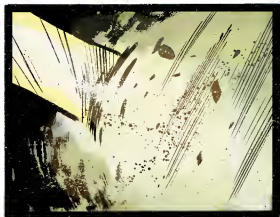
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Idiom: From pillar to post.

a. From place to place,
esp. aimlessly.

b. From one bad situation or
predicament to another.









I LOVE SCIENCE.

I'M NOT HAPPY DOING MUCH ELSE.

JESUS CHRIST, WHY DO YOU BECOME SO HORRIBLY INTROSPECTIVE WHEN YOU'RE HIGH?



"CAN WE JUST ENJOY WHAT WE'VE ACCOMPLISHED?"

I SET THE HOMING FREQUENCY!

IT SHOULD'VE JUMPED US HOME!

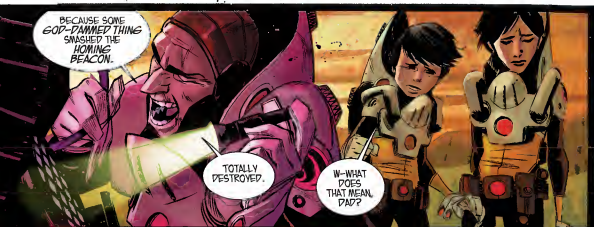
WHY DIDN'T IT JUMP US HOME?!

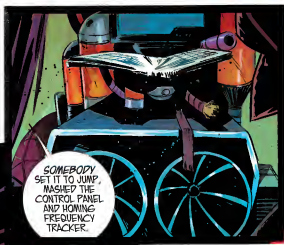


IT MEANS WE CAN'T CONTROL WHERE THE PILLAR JUMPS, NATE.

AND THE TIMER IS SMASHED AS WELL, RANDOMLY SELECTING INTERVALS.

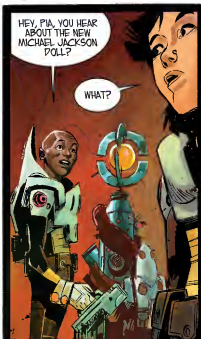
LAST JUMP WAS ONE HOUR...



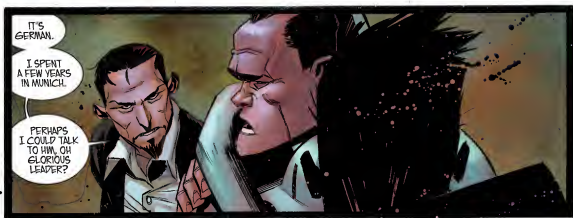
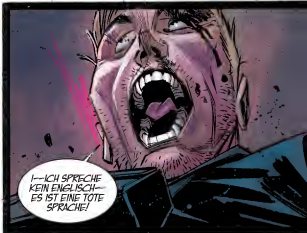














I-IT'S OKAY.
IT'S GOING
TO BE OKAY,
GUYS.

HE'S
BLEEDING
OUT! WHERE'S
THE MEDICAL
KIT!

I-I
DIDN'T...

I DIDN'T
PACK IT.



WE WEREN'T
SUPPOSED
TO BE LEAVING
TODAY!

WASN'T--
WASN'T EVEN
MY JOB UNTIL
LAST WEEK--



I'M BUSINESS
AFFAIRS, SAFETY,
REGULATION AND
OVERSIGHT--

WELL YOU'VE
DONE A
TERRIFIC JOB
OF OVERSEEING
OUR SAFETY,
YOU USELESS
CON.



<PRIVATE
NICHOLAS SCHWITT--
C-CLAN GERMANIA-
E-EUROPEAN
REBELLION
COALITION!>

<WHO ARE
YOU FIGHTING,
PRIVATE
SCHWITT?>

<YOU--
YOU'RE AREN'T
THEIR
SPIES?>



<NO, NOW
ANSWER THE
QUESTION.>

<NOT A FIGHT--
NOT ANYMORE--
J-JUST HOLDING
THE LINE--

<THEY'RE
RIGHT ON TOP
OF US, WE'RE
SURROUNDED!>



<WHAT'S OUT THERE?
WHO ARE YOU HOLDING
THE LINE AGAINST,
PRIVATE?>

<SONS OF
THE WAKAN
TECH-TANKA,
MECHA-HOPI,
APACHE TOMAHAWKS,
NAVAJO WAR CROWS--
MORE--

<THEY
ADVANCE
IN THE
NIGHT--

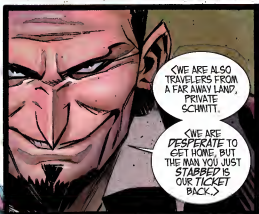
<WE--WERE
OVERRUN--!>



<INDIANS?>

<INDIANS, THAT'S
WHAT WE THOUGHT
TOO--BUT THEY
AREN'T FROM INDIA-->

<THEY COME
FROM AN
UNCHARTED
CONTINENT.>



<WE ARE ALSO
TRAVELERS FROM
A FAR AWAY LAND,
PRIVATE
SCHNITT.>

<WE ARE
DESPERATE TO
GET HOME, BUT
THE MAN YOU JUST
STABBED IS
OUR TICKET
BACK.>



<HELP US OR I WON'T
BE ABLE TO CONTROL
MY FRIEND'S
RAGE.>

<YOU NEED A
MEDIC. AN INDIAN
SHAMAN IS YOUR
ONLY HOPE...>



<AND THE ONLY
PLACE YOU'LL
FIND ONE...>



<...IS IN THE
DIRECTION
OF THAT
WARBIRD.>



WE DID
IT!



DEAR JESUS,
WE REALLY
DID IT.

LOOK AT
THAT CRAZY
FLORA.

NOTHING
LIKE IT ON
OUR EARTH.



IT'S REAL,
REBECCA!

WE JUST
PUNCHED
THROUGH THE
WALLS OF
REALITY!



I KNEW YOU'D DO IT,
GRANT. KNEW THE
PILLAR WOULD
WORK.

ME? I
DIDN'T DO
IT--WE
DID IT!



AND
NOW IT'S
DONE.



THIS--THIS
WILL CHANGE
THE COURSE
OF OUR
HISTORY!

DAMN
STRAIGHT,
JEN!



TO HAVE
ACCESS TO ANY
RESOURCE NEEDED
FROM ANY DIMENSION--
THIS IS THE KEY TO
PRESERVING OUR SPECIES!

SUCH A
MONUMENTAL
EVENT...





...YOU'D THINK
I WOULD HAVE
BEEN INFORMED
YOU WERE
TESTING IT.

I LOOKED
OVER THE OFFICIAL
SCHEDULE—THIS
WASN'T ON IT.

SHAWN JUST
PUT THE FINISHING
TOUCHES ON THE
HOMING BEACON
THIS MORNING.

FIGURED
I'D GIVE IT A RUN
BEFORE I
BUGGED YOU.

I GREEN-
LIT THIS.

FUNDED
IT.

SAVE YOU
THE CHANCE TO
SUCCEED AFTER
A LIFETIME
OF MISSED
OPPORTUNITIES.

THIS IS
BENEATH
EVEN YOU.

TREATING ME LIKE
SOME BUREAUCRATIC
NUISANCE WHO DOESN'T
DESERVE TO BE
PRESENT FOR
THE INAUGURAL
RUN.

I DIDN'T GET
THE IMPRESSION YOU
CARED SO LONG AS
YOU COULD SHOW
MR. BLOCK HOW MUCH
MONEY HE'D MAKE.

YOU LEFT
ME OUT AS
AN ACT OF
DEFIANCE.

I'VE HEARD
THE THINGS
YOU SAY ABOUT
ME.

WHAT WAS IT,
CHANDRA?

"KADIR CAN'T CREATE
ANYTHING ON HIS OWN SO
HE'S ALWAYS BETTING
AGAINST THE SUCCESS OF
THOSE WHO TRY."



SIGH

C'MON, KADIR.
YOU NEVER PUT
ANY REAL FAITH
IN US.

I THOUGHT
YOU'D FAIL.
I DID.

SO, YOU'RE
NOT UPSET
YOU MISSED
THE TEST--

YOU'RE
UPSET
YOU WERE
WRONG.



I'M GLAD I WAS
WRONG ABOUT YOUR
INEPTITUDE.



BECAUSE
THE PROJECT
IS MINE.

WHAT HAS
TWO THUMBS
AND GETS ALL
THE CREDIT FOR
THIS?



SO, YES.
CONGRATULATIONS.



"MY GRANDFATHER ONCE
TOLD ME THERE ARE
TWO KINDS OF
PEOPLE.

"THOSE WHO
WORK AND THOSE
WHO TAKE THE CREDIT.

"HE TOLD ME
TO TRY TO BE IN
THE FIRST GROUP..."

"...THERE WAS LESS
COMPETITION THERE."

LET ME GO!
WHY DRAG ME
ON YOUR SUICIDE
MARCH?

YOU KNOW
GERMAN.

HIDE YOUR
FEAR, WARD.

BE READY
FOR WHATEVER
IS COMING.

DO YOUR GOD-
DAMNED JOB.

DO WHAT MCKAY
HIRED YOU TO DO.

GET THESE PEOPLE
BACK HOME.

SAFELY.

GRANT, HE
LOST A LOT OF
BLOOD... YOU
THINK--

I THINK WE'RE
GOING TO GET HIM.
HELP. I THINK HE'S
GOING TO BE FINE.

HOLD
ON.

--BECAUSE YOU THOUGHT AMERICANS
WOULD GIVE TWO FUCKS THE C.I.A. WAS
KILLING CIVILIANS WITH DRONE STRIKES.

TAKE IT.
GOT A
ROUND IN THE
CHAMBER.

I-I DON'T
KNOW HOW TO
USE THIS...

REMEMBER WHAT
YOU OWE HIM.

THE FIVE YEARS
AFTER THE
DISHONORABLE
DISCHARGE.

FIVE YEARS
WASHING
DISHES--

FIVE YEARS A PARIAH.

FIVE YEARS, NO ONE
IN THE WORLD WOULD
TRUST YOU.

JUST
POINT IT--
YOUR INSTINCTS
WILL DO THE
REST.

BUT GRANT DID.

MCKAY HAD FAITH IN YOU.

NOT GOING TO FAIL HIM.

NOT GOING TO LET
HIM BLEEP OUT IN
FRONT OF HIS KIDS.

HEY,
WARD?

HOW DO
YOU GET A NUN
PREGNANT?

I DUNNO.

HAVE
SEX WITH
HER.

FUNNY.

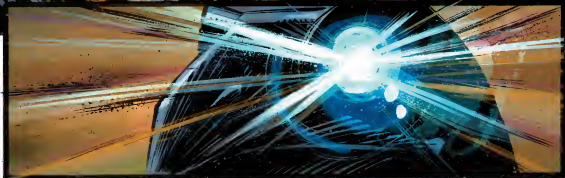
C'MON.

WHAT?
UNDER THAT?
TH- THE
BODIES—

ARE DEAD
AND CAN'T
HURT YOU.

OH, THIS IS
PERFECT.







READ GRANDDAD'S
WORLD WAR I
JOURNAL BEFORE
BOOT CAMP.

HUNDREDS OF PAGES DETAILING
THE HORRORS OF TRENCH WARFARE.

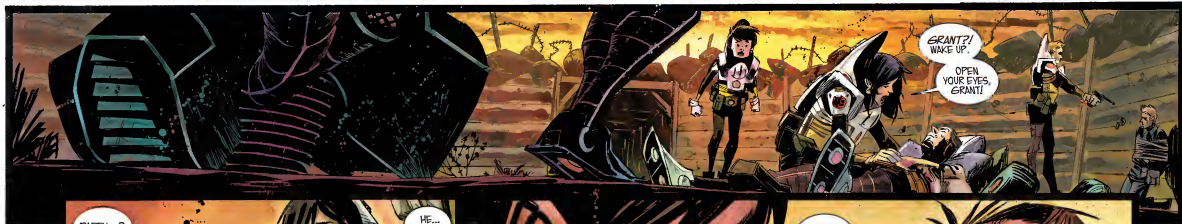
NEVER SEEMED POSSIBLE
ANYTHING COULD BE
THAT TERRIBLE.

SHOULD
WE--

BUT THIS...

...THIS IS WORSE.

IF WE MAKE IT HOME...



BLACK SCIENCE



BLACK SCIENCE Letters Page
Write us and we'll publish
your letters next issue:
WriteRemender@gmail.com

Welcome back!

Or welcome for the first time! In any case, be welcome! Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Sebastian, and I'm the editor of this fine comic you've just finished snorting through your brainstems.

What's an editor, you ask? Well, I crack the electric frog-tongue whip on this fantastic team of creators, all to make sure that when you enter your local comic book store and scream "MORE BLACK SCIENCE BLARGH!" the shop keep has an issue on hand to feed your habit!

Speaking of which, have you noticed it's only been three weeks since your last BLACK SCIENCE fix? That's right! We somehow managed to jam out over 50 pages of mind-bending insanity in under a month, just to show you all how much we love you! It wasn't pretty, but we wanted to get you hooked early and hard. Because you'd better believe, we're only just getting started with the awesome!

From now on, every four weeks, you can take another jump through the barriers of reality, deeper and deeper into the Onion, along with Rick, Matteo, Dean, Rus and myself! And afterwards,

we'd love to hear from you here on this page! Send us your thoughts to WriteRemender@gmail.com and mark them "OK to print" in the subject line.

In fact, you should do that right now because ***we need your help naming this letters page!*** All the best comic letters pages have snappy names and we aim to be the very bestest of best!

So send in your ideas and we might even be able to rustle up a cool prize for the winning entry (I mean, even cooler than being picked the winner of a "Name That Comics Letters Page" contest, which would have to be pretty damn cool...I dunno...like a dune buggy with flames painted on the side and also it dispenses beers or something. Can we do that?! RICK, MAKE THIS DUNE BUGGY THING HAPPEN RIGHT NOW! (This is my favorite part of being an editor)

Well, we're off back to the lab to cook up the next batch! Join us again in 30 for more **BLACK SCIENCE!**

Cheers all,
Sebastian Girner

NEXT MONTH

BLACK SCIENCE

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RICK REMENDER
MATTEO SCALERA
DEAN WHITE



\$3.50



BLACK
SCIENCE

